UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS. NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR IN ADVANCE. THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVI. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1845. | WHOLE NO. 1243.

Original Poetry.

TO MY MOTHER.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY EDWARD POLLOCK.

Oh, Mother dear, the stillness
Of the night is all around,
And the stars are beaming gently
Upon the quiet ground,
And the moon is looking on me,
So lovely and so mild,
That *I think* thy spirit, Mother,
Must be dreaming of thy child.

Oh, Mother, dear, the moments
Have gathered into years,
And the flowers of youth have fallen
Beneath a flood of tears,
Since I leaned upon thy bosom last;—
And yet, but yesterday
Does it seem since you were young and glad,
And I a child at play.

I dream'd last night, dear Mother,
A dream of joy, yet pain,
For I thought those happy moments
Had come to me again;
The fields were green, the waters clear,
The wind was sweet and low,
And the sky had all the sunny hue,
It had so long ago.

And thou wert there, dear Mother,
A-looking upon me,
As you sat upon a mossy bank,
Beside a holly tree,
And oh you smil'd so pleasantly,
As still I laugh'd and ran;
But warm tears were on my pillow,
When I woke a care-worn man.

Oh, Mother dear, I never
Can look upon the past,
But my heart comes swelling upward,
And the tears come thick and fast;
Oh surely, we are dreaming
In that sunny hour of youth,
And but wake, when we grow older,
To sorrow and to truth.

I hear thy voice, my Mother,
In the solitudes around,
Like an echo, wakes my bosom,
To that unforgotten sound,
And I see thine eyes a-gleaming,
Through the moonlight meek and mild,
Oh, I know, I know, dear Mother,
Thou art dreaming of thy child.

Original Tales.

A WOMAN'S REVENGE.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

CHAPTER III.

"The Gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us."—Shakspeare.

Notwithstanding the invariably onward passage of Time, we must retrace his course for a year or two that we may look back upon Alfred Howard, who soon wearied of the excitement of sight-seeing, and curiosity seeking, indulged his natural inclination for the "*dolce far niente*," by lingering in the flowery vales of Tuscany, and losing himself in dreamy reveries on the delightful banks of the Arno. Yet he would fain have persuaded himself that he was actuated by the praiseworthy desire of improving his literary tastes, in drinking at their source the pure waters of the Italian Helicon, and perfecting himself in the elegant dialect, in which the lyre of the mid-...

...

"...[illegible] yourself, in obeying the impulse of your warm and guileless heart; and Heaven forbid that I should blame you seriously for conduct that measures, ten-fold, my love for you, and my admiration of your character. But I must confess that there is much reason in Miss Sinclair's remarks, and her view of the case is, very probably, the just one. We must therefore endeavor, as far as possible, to prevent our easy confidence from being imposed on to our prejudice." [TO BE CONTINUED.]

Stories of the Heart.

MARY FENWICK; Or, the Alibi.

BY A LAWYER.

[The following is one of the very best simple and [illegible] stories which we have read for many a day. The scene is English, the characters which are described are universally appreciable.]

Some twenty years ago (before steam and railroads had annihilated distance and made 'going to London' the every-day affair it now is from all parts of the kingdom,) I awoke, on a beautiful April morning, from the uneasy slumbers of a mail coach passenger, just in time to drink in, at eye, and nose, the brilliant sparkle, refreshing sound, and reviving odor of my native waves, as they leaped up to kiss, as if in fondness, the rocky barrier which our eastern coast opposes to the not always placid German Ocean. I was ere long to pass a barrier of a different description (now happily a nominal one) between two sister nations, or, in plain English...

...

was Mary's cousin, so she slipped quietly on board and got safe to London."

"How long was this ago?" asked I.

"Oh, about four or five months perhaps," answered my vis-a-vis. "Let me see; it was October, and this is April. Well, sir, Mary stayed but a few days with her uncle, as idleness was a thing she never liked; but through his wife who had been housekeeper to a nobleman, she got a delightful place in the same family as under nursery-maid; which her gentle manners, and steady temper, and long experience in her father's house among small children, made her every way fit for.

"She had not been long with them, when Lord S—— was appointed to a government in India, and as he resolved to take out his family, nothing would serve Lady S—— but Mary must go out with them. They were grown so fond of her that her services on the voyage would be invaluable; and then her staid, sober, dignified manners, it seems, made her a perfect treasure in a country where, I understand, girls' heads are apt to be turned. Lady S—— knew her story, and thought it recommendation enough. So the parents were written to—half of Mary's ample wages secured to them by her desire; and Mary went down to the sea-side with the family, to be in the way to embark at the last moment when all the tedious outfit for a great man's voyage should be complete."

"So," said I, "that explains a hint she threw out about the world's end. Then she is going to India?"

"Yes, sir; and would have been half way there by this time, if it had not pleased God to send a contrary wind to save Dick Marshall's life."

"His life, poor wretch!" said I, "Did he take to worse courses still?"

"Pretty bad, sir; but not quite so bad as he got credit for. I'll tell you as short as I can. There came about Berwick now and then a scamp of a fellow, whom everybody knew to be a gambler and a cheat, and whom none but such idle dogs as Dick Marshall would keep company with. This man, sir, was known to be in or about town last autumn, and to have won money both on the turf and at the card-table. He and his worthless comrades had a row about it, it seems, high words, and even a scuffle; but few knew or cared, and Jack Osborne went away as he came, with none the wiser.

"However, about six weeks or two months ago, it began to be whispered that he had been missed of late from his old haunts, and that Berwick was the last place where he had been seen; and good for nothing as he was, he had decent relations, who thought it worth while to inquire into it. The last person in whose company he had been observed in our town was certainly Dick Marshall, who, when asked about him, denied all knowledge of his companion. But Dick's own character was by this time grown very notorious; and though no one here, in respect to his family, would have breathed such a notion, Jack Osborne's stranger uncle felt no scruple in saying that his nephew had met with foul play and insisted on an investigation. In the course of this, a very suspicious circumstance came out. A pair of pistols, well known to be Osborne's, was found in Dick's possession; and a story of his having received them in part payment of a gambling debt, was of course very little if at all believed.

"There were plenty of people who could depose that, on the 23d of October, at a tavern dinner, the two fit associates had quarrelled, and had high words; though they were afterwards seen to go out separately, but apparently good friends. The next step in evidence, was two people having returned late that evening, and, on passing a little stunted thicket about half a mile from town, having heard something like groans and cries, which, however, they paid little attention to, being in a great hurry. This caused the place to be searched; and in an old sand-pit near the spot, to the surprise and horror of all, were found the remains of poor Jack Osborne, whose clothes, from the dry nature of the place, were in good preservation.

"Things began now to put on an aspect terribly serious for Dick Marshall; especially as another man now came forward to say (people should be very cautious, sir, how they trust to likeness) that he had met Dick, or some one so like him that he had no doubt it was he, on the road to that very spot just before the hour when the groans were heard; though on being addressed by his name, he passed on and took no notice.

"Between the quarrel, and the pistols, and the groans, and the dead body, and, above all, the evidence of this man, a complete case was made out for a jury; and there were a great many circumstances besides, to give it a color; especially poor Dick's now reckless and profligate habits, and his evident confusion and agitation when first asked where he had been and what he had been doing on the evening of the 23d of October.

"To those who saw his face on that occasion, his conscience-stricken looks when taken by surprise, and his angry defiance afterwards, when aware of the drift of the question, there was no doubt of his guilt. Dick was committed for trial; and, oh sir, it was a sad day for all who knew his worthy parents, and had seen the creature himself grow up before them, a pretty curly haired child, and then a manly spirited boy.

"His behavior in prison was chiefly dogged and sullen. He seemed to scorn even denying the fact to those who could suppose him guilty, as most did, except his poor father, who never could credit it; urging him to think, for the sake of his gray hairs, whether some means or other of averting his sad fate might not yet be found.

"He at length said, though it seemed extorted from him by his parents' distress, 'there's one person on earth who could clear me of this horrible charge; but even if she were angel enough to do it, I suppose she's left England—and that's poor Mary Fenwick! This is a judgment on me, father, for my usage of that girl!'

"The agonized parents from what they gathered further, lost not a moment in writing Mary the most pathetic letter ever broken hearts dictated. They feared she would have sailed; but it pleased God to order otherwise; and instead of the former uncertain delay from contrary winds [which had now set in fair,] there was now a fixed detention for one week, for some official reasons.

"Mary carried the letter to her good mistress and told her all the circumstances; and she readily obtained leave for the journey, and was offered the escort of a fellow servant; but she was steadfast in declining it. 'I would have no unnecessary witnesses of poor Richard's shame and his parents' sorrow, my lady,' said she; 'and God will protect one that is going to return good for evil.'

"There was not a moment to be lost to let Mary appear at the assizes yesterday, and get back to Portsmouth in time for the ship; so from the mail she stepped, and got here as soon as a letter would have done. When they saw her, the poor old Marshalls almost fainted for joy. They kissed, and wept over her, as they had done many a time when their son's wildness grieved her gentle spirit; but they soon came to look up to her as a guardian angel come to shield their gray hairs from disgrace and despair. They would have proposed to her to see and comfort Richard, but she said mildly, 'We have both need of our strength till to-morrow. Tell him I forgive him, and bless God for bringing me to save him, and pray that it may not be from danger in this world alone.'

"She was quite worn out with fatigue, it may be supposed, and glad to lay down her head once more to sleep in her mother's room, in the bed where she was born, and where she had hardly expected ever to lay it again. She rose quite refreshed, and able for the hard trial of appearing in court before her whole townspeople on so melancholy occasion.

"She was indulged with a chair, and sat as much out of sight as possible, surrounded by kind friends, till she could be called on. The case for the prosecution was gone into, and a chain of circumstantial evidence made out so very conclusive against poor Dick, that the counsel against him, a rather flippant young man, remarked, 'that nothing short of an alibi could bring the prisoner off.'

"'And that shall be proved directly, my lord,' replied very unexpectedly some of the prisoner's friends. 'We have a witness here come more than three hundred miles for the purpose;' and Mary, shaking like a leaf, and deadly pale, was placed in the box.

"The counsel had nothing for it but to examine her. I should be sorry to say he wished to find her testimony false; but really, sir, lawyers have a frightful degree of pride in showing their own ingenuity, and he did not quite like his case to be overturned. At all events, his manner was anything rather than encouraging to a poor frightened girl; but he little knew that Mary, timid as she was by nature, could be as firm as a rock when duty was concerned.

"On being desired to say what she knew of this business, Mary simply asserted, in as few words as possible, that Richard Marshall could not have been in Overton wood at the hour mentioned for the murder of John Osborne, as he was with her on the road to B—— farm, in an exactly opposite direction.

"Very pleasantly engaged, I dare say, my dear," said the counsel flippantly; "but I am afraid the court will not be the more disposed to admit your evidence for what passed on that occasion."

"I am sure they ought," said Mary, in a tone of deep and solemn sincerity.

"And pray what reason may you have for remembering so particularly that it was the 23d of October, and no other day, that Richard Marshall met you at nine in the evening?" said he, recovering himself. "Richard Marshall met you, you say, on the road to B—— at a little after nine on a certain evening. Pray what reason can you give for remembering the hour?"

"Because I had stayed to give his mother her nine o'clock draught before I left; and because, just as I got to my father's gate, the church clock struck ten."

"Very accurate! and pray what led you to be so very positive as to the day?"

"Because the very next morning I sailed for London in a smack, whose sailing day is always on Friday, and Thursday was the 23d."

"Very good and logical indeed. And now, my dear, to come to the point, how came you to remember this meeting itself so particularly? It was not the first, I dare say?"

"No, sir," said Mary, with wonderful self-possession, "but it was the last! I remember it, because we were engaged to be married; and on that very night, and I bless God it was no other, Richard Marshall told me, and not very kindly either, I was not a fit wife for him, and that all that had been going on between us so long was forever at an end. I've a right to remember this, sir, I think."

Mary had made, to preserve her utterance in this testimony, all the exertion nature permitted. She fell back fainting into her father's arms, and a murmur of admiration ran round the court.

"This is an alibi with a witness," said the old shrewd senior crown council. "'Tis not likely a discarded sweetheart would travel six hundred miles to perjure herself for a scoundrel like this!"

In corroboration of Mary's simple testimony, should any be required, there was handed to the jury a "housewife," whose few leaves of rude memoranda contained, evidently inserted at the moment, and blotted by a still discernible tear, "This day parted forever with poor Richard Marshall in this world. God grant we may meet in the next!"

"And did they meet again in this world, sir?" said I, when my honest friend had got rid of something troublesome in his eyes.

"No, sir; Mary thought it was better otherwise, and no one durst press it upon her. She wrote him a letter though, which no one else saw; and I hear he says his life was hardly worth saving since he has lost Mary. Poor wretch! we'll see if this great escape will sober him."

Little more passed between me and my friend, as the lights of Haddington were now in view. I have since been in Berwick, and find Richard lives with his parents, a sadder and wiser man; and Mary is married in India to a young chaplain, to whom Lord S—— has promised a living in the north on his return to England.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 31, 1845.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person remitting TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the new novels.

For THREE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, and one copy of Sears' Magazine.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The reader will find in the Foreign News received per last arrival, an entire absence of any bellicose manifestations. There is little, if any war spirit in the English Journals, their thunder being wanted for the subject of Maynooth. That question may now be considered as settled. The grant will most assuredly be passed; and Sir Robert's skilful tactics will have effected more by it, than he could by the whole force of the British Empire. Mr. O'Connell takes things with a very good grace indeed, and manages, so far as speeches and taunts can do it, to annoy Sir Robert and the English people—that part more especially, who are opposed to the grant. He hails it as a triumph and hopes that Sir Robert will "double his repeal money."

We have written so much about this matter of English war rumors, that we are tired of it and so we dare say are our readers. But there is a little reminiscence which pops across our memory while we write. In Boston the law against fireworks and other nuisance is so rigidly enforced that the grocers label their goods of this description, and advertise them "For Exportation." Sir Robert Peel labelled his thunder "For Exportation." Boston boys found no difficulty in buying a penny worth of crackers "For Exportation"—generally sending them off via the atmospheric railway; and English managers do the same with Sir R.'s thunder—using it at home to carry his purposes.

Other foreign topics possess little interest. The canton of Lucerne, in Switzerland, attacked by the free bands, gets indemnification by charging a ransom for the prisoners taken. The attack, it would seem, as might have been supposed, was made by men who would as readily have seized any other pretext for violence as that under which they acted; and the cantons from which the assailants come disavow all authorization of the measure.

Our notices of the religious anniversaries which fall at this season, are continued in this week's paper. The abstracts of the reports of the different societies show a liberal spirit on the part of the public. The items of intelligence which the abstracts embrace offer but a skeleton view of the immense moral and religious influence which is wielded by these associations. They bring into exercise aggregated individual influence and labor, which might else be less profitably expended, if exerted at all.

The literary market is just now well supplied with books—many of them too, publications of great value and interest. There are indications that the public taste is improving, as many of the books published are of a character presenting a decided improvement upon the former cheap issues. The vile and libidinous trash which has been printed and sold within a few years, *ad nauseam*, has partially worked its own cure; and even those who formerly read profitless and pernicious books with avidity are now desiring something better.

Our Mexican relations remain as before, with the exception that none of the ordinary diplomatic relations continue; unless, indeed, something more may have occurred between Mr. Shannon and the Mexican Government than has yet transpired. On the 18th instant Com. Conner, with his squadron, arrived off Vera Cruz, and communicated with the authorities. The officer sent on shore was courteously received, and the usual offers were made, of granting every facility to the squadron for attaining whatever it might be in want of. The Mexican flag was saluted, and an equal number of guns were returned by the fortress.

Speculators "for a war" as the phrase is, find themselves in the minority on all hands, and the prospect of permanent and honorable peace was never better than it now is. Long may it remain so—for whatever may be, under occasional circumstances, our necessity, peace is alike our policy and our duty.

BOSTON.

The vote on Monday, in Boston, on the question whether that city would follow the example of Philadelphia and New York by a supply of pure fresh water, decided it in the negative. The vote was 3,999 against, 2,690 in favor. The reason of this result is probably that there are something like half a dozen projects and interests dividing the friends of the measure.

ANNIVERSARY.

Great preparations are being made by the Odd Fellows of Boston for the celebration of the anniversary of the introduction of the Order into Massachusetts. A great deal of good has been effected by this order, wherever branches have been established. It tends among other benefits to the advancement of frugality, temperance, and industry.

AN AMERICAN SLAVER.

An American slaver, the Spitfire—the third taken by our squadron, has been captured on the coast of Africa, and sent to Boston. The captain has been indicted, but the jury found no bill against the men, considering them unaware of the objects of the voyage. We take from the Boston Post the following account of the capture.

The Schooner Spitfire, Peter Flowery, Master, was seized in the Rio Pongo, coast of Africa, at the slave factory of Paul Taber, March 26, on suspicion of being engaged in the slave trade, by the boats of the U. S. brig Truxton, in the charge of Lieut. Simon F. Blunt, co-operating with the boats of H. B. M. steamer Ardent, under the charge of Lieut. Johnson. The boats went alongside under English colors, and ordered the schooner to show her colors on the penalty of being seized as a pirate. The American ensign was then hoisted at her gaff, and the colors immediately shifted to the boats, and the schooner taken charge of, evidence having been lodged against her as having already made a successful trip from the same place to the island of Cuba, with 346 slaves, under the command of Capt. Gordon, lately in command of the Manchester, by Thomas Turner, who escaped in both vessels as Capt. Gordon's mate. She was then known by the name of Cavallero, and was built in Baltimore, whence she sailed via New York, in 1842. She was afterwards sold, and her register returned to Baltimore. Her present crew also testified as to her intention of receiving slaves. Lieut. Washington Reid, with a prize crew was put in command, and the vessel was sent to the United States. During the passage some of the crew were very troublesome, and two of them, a Spaniard and a negro, who quarrelled, were brought in ironed. Lieut. Reid found it necessary to use the utmost vigilance, and has not been undressed since he took command of the vessel. The prisoners were committed to the United States authorities. The Spitfire is a clipper built schooner, of about 130 tons. Lieut. Reid states that several large slavers under the Spanish and Brazilian flags, had lately been brought in; two feluccas, armed and manned by some sixty to seventy-five men, were brought in within two weeks.

INTERESTING COLONY.

The Buffalo Transcript gives the following account of a colony of settlers who have purchased a tract in Wisconsin Territory, and are now on their way thither. It will be read with interest.

The entire colony are composed of the Allen family. There are three generations, numbering in all one hundred and twelve souls, of whom fifty are now on their way, to be followed hereafter by the remainder. It is a touching picture to see such a multitude all linked together by blood and affection, embracing the extremes of old age, and the tenderest infancy, thus journeying a thousand miles to seek a new dwelling place. The Patriarch of the family, Phillip Allen, is with them, aged eighty-eight years. He is the father of five sons and three daughters—he was a soldier of the Revolution, and receives a pension from his country, and has resided in Rochester for the last twenty-seven years. Though feeble, he is cheerful, and pleased with the idea of the union of his numerous descendants in the far west, going down with them as Jacob went with his sons into Egypt, that he may die in the midst of his posterity, and be buried where they expect to lie until the morning of the Resurrection.

The Allen family are located at Walworth, Walworth county, Wisconsin Territory, where they have purchased a large tract of land, in the centre of which they intend to build a village, which is to be called by the appropriate name of "Allen City." A large proportion of the family are communicants in the Presbyterian Church, and expect to form a church on the spot, for which a pastor is already partially engaged. The Bible, Tract, and Sabbath School Societies have supplied them with books for distribution in the destitute portions of the country in their vicinity. Schools will be immediately established. Such emigrants will give character to the West, and leave their impress on unborn generations, and with the divine blessing, will make the wilderness like "the Garden of God."

THE SOUTH.

Our friends at the South, are arguing the necessity of a variety of pursuits, and showing the inconveniences of depending so largely upon a single staple. Such a course subjects them to all the inconveniences which fluctuations in one article must cause, whereas, had they a variety of interests, what diminished the value of one might affect others in a more agreeable manner. Planters are accordingly taking to other crops beside cotton, and factories for the manufacture of their own staples are springing up in all directions. In its advocacy of these salutary changes, the Augusta Chronicle, strikes out the following amusing paragraph. Speaking of the Northerners, he says:

"They build our houses, they adorn them with furniture, and supply them with every comfort and convenience of which we have ever conjectured. They educate our children, and cover our nakedness from head to foot, with hats and shoes, coats and shirts—we eat their flour, cheese, butter, apples, codfish, potatoes, pickles, pork and onions—we feed our cattle with their hay, drive their horses in their harnesses to their carriages, with their whips—walk with their sticks, ride on their saddles, wash with their pans, and with their soap, scrub with their brushes, sweep with their brooms, milk in their pails, cook in their pots, strike with their hammers, blow with their bellows, cut with their axes, sow with their seed, reap with their hooks, pull with their leather, whitewash with their lime, paint with their paint, march by their tunes, read by their lights, drink their Congress water and rum, smoke their segars—and last and best of these blessings, we marry their pretty girls, who make the best of wives."

SOUTHERN METHODISTS.

On the 14th inst., the following resolution passed the convention now in session in Louisville:

Resolved, by the Delegates of the several Annual Conferences in the South and South Western States, in General Convention assembled, That we cannot sanction the action of the late General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, on the subject of slavery, by remaining under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of this body, without deep and lasting injury to the interests of the church and the country; we, therefore, hereby instruct the committee on organization that, if, upon a careful examination of the whole subject, they find that there is no reasonable ground to hope that the Northern majority will recede from their position, and give some safe guaranty for the future security of our civil and ecclesiastical rights, that they report in favor of a separation from the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the said general conference.

This vote passed with one dissenting voice; and with such instructions so nearly unanimous, there can be but little doubt, either as to the character of the report, or the action upon it. Meanwhile it appears that a majority of the Annual Conferences have voted against the plan of separation recommended by the General Conference.

New Jersey voted against the plan 104 to 2, and the Baltimore Conference also voted against it.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

The General Assembly (O. S.) of the Presbyterian Church, now in session at Cincinnati, have elected Dr. Krebbs, of New York, Moderator. The session is naturally expected to be a very interesting one. Among the important subjects which will come up for discussion, the following are mentioned:

1st. The Quorum question will be brought up by way of a memorial from several Elders in the Fayetteville Presbytery.

2d. The Marriage question will come up upon an appeal from Mr. McQueen, as well as upon a report from a Committee appointed on that subject by a former Assembly.

3d. The removal of the seat of the Board of Domestic Missions, will be urged upon a memorial from the Synod of Missouri, and two or three Presbyteries in the West.

4th. The subject of Abolition will be agitated upon memorials and petitions from various quarters.

SUPERFLUOUS.

A tailor in Boston commences his advertisement with the capital line—

WE TRUST—

All after that is superfluous and unnecessary. To such a line his name [illegible] (glorious fellow) should alone be appended.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT.

A paper has been "established" in Lancaster, entitled the Lancaster County Farmer. It is a large sheet, well printed, and appears to be well conducted in the main, though the editor is disappointed, and evidently in high dudgeon that an earthquake did not occur to mark his first appearance. At any rate, he rates us as vehemently because the Post did not issue an extra to announce the important fact above stated, as if we had been guilty of the most criminal disloyalty; and furthermore accuses us of *stealing* his original thoughts, by crediting some local item or other to a "paper which has no existence." Any person of ordinary perceptions, and uninflated by the enormous success of publishing two numbers of a weekly newspaper, might discern in our sin an innocent mistake in a not transcendantly important matter. But venial errors become high crimes when they affect the peace and dignity of mighty men. When John Jones, of the Madisonian, retired, we wondered on whom his mantle would fall. We can doubt no longer. We beg the Lancaster County Farmer to exchange, as we would not be without its sparkles of wit, wonders of genius and proofs of politeness and good humor for the dollars.

A GREAT ESTABLISHMENT.

Among the great printing establishments of the city of New York is the Methodist Book Office. It continually works eight or ten presses propelled by steam, and employs more than one hundred and fifty workmen. Over one hundred thousand dollars worth of books are annually printed. A writer in the Northern Christian Advocate, in speaking of this establishment, remarks: "It has but one pecuniary object, which is to create revenues for those ministers who have sunk down into broken health, under the weight of arduous labors, and to make slight provisions for the widows and orphans of those who have nobly fallen with *vici* written on their shield." Thus are two great purposes answered; the books have an authentic stamp, and one of the most noble charities in the world is supported without any tax on the people—or rather we should say, a *debt* is paid, without inconvenience. Certainly Christians owe it to the pastors who have wasted in their service to provide for their declining years.

THE POLKA.

It is more than intimated by our foreign advices, that the Polka-mania, like other infections, has had its run, and is dying out. We give this important fact a prominent place, as the infection has prevailed to a considerable extent in cis-Atlantic communities. Those who have become proficients in the exercise, may bid "farewell, a long farewell to all their greatness." The eminence for which they have kicked their toes out has become obsolete, or next door to it; and new accomplishments must now tax their endeavors. As to those who "never could come it," they are now in a decidedly enviable position, and may openly declare that they never could see much in it. They may decry it without fear or shame. Alas, poor Polka!

> But yesterday it kicked against the world—
> Now none so poor to do it reverence.

GEN. JACKSON.

With every mail we may now expect to hear of the decease of Ex-President Jackson. His mental activity remains with him to the last, and while his body is afflicted, his mind is free, and seems to retain its vigor. The Washington Union contains the following extract of a letter addressed by him to President Polk, under date of May 9:

"I must close. I am greatly afflicted. I am swollen from the toes to the crown of the head, and in bandage to my hips. What may be the result, God only knows. I am prepared calmly to submit to his will. My whole house salutes you and lady; and may God preside over and give you a successful and beneficial administration to our beloved country. Your friend, sincerely, ANDREW JACKSON."

HAYTI.

News from Port au Prince to the 5th inst., represent that the island was tranquil—all fears of a revolution having decided. The British frigate Spartan had arrived at Port au Prince, and communicated to the authorities Herard's preparations for a second invasion of the island. There was a rumor that he had landed on the south side, but his confederates were in irons, and every preparation made to give him a warm reception. The Southern is likely to be united again to the Northern Government. Business was improving.

TEXAS.

The tenor of the news from Texas remains the same. The people are almost unanimous in favor of annexation, and the flag of the United States is flying in every town and village where they can raise the bunting. Government has suspended the offering of contracts for light-houses and other public works authorised by the late Congress; and at the next sessions of the National Legislature the Lone Star will undoubtedly be taken out of its solitude with as much expedition as the nature of the case will permit.

THE SOUTHERN BAPTISTS.

The Baptists of the South have formed a new association, under the title of "The Southern Baptist Convention." The late meeting at Augusta, Ga., adjourned on the 12th instant. May, 1846, was fixed upon as the time, and Nashville, Tenn., the place of the next convention.

EMIGRANTS.

A letter from Independence, Mo., of a late date, informs us that there were at that place, ready for Oregon, 2,000 emigrants. They will go forward in large bodies, and thus be secure from attacks by the Indians.

PITTSBURG.

At last dates the money received for Pittsburg was about $120,000, beside other articles. New York has sent $22,000, Boston $15,000, Philadelphia about forty thousand and other cities liberally.

Army & Navy.

NAVAL ORDERS.—May 15. Lieut. T. A. M. Craven, furlough one year.

Passed Midshipman A. D. Harrell, leave extended three months.

Professor T. H. Perry, detached from duty—connected with Coast Survey, and waiting orders.

Chief Engineer C. B. Moss, detached from duty at Pittsburg, Pa., and furlough till 15th December next.

May 16.—Commander B. Wilson ordered to the Navy Yard at Boston, in place of Commander Samuel Mercer, relieved.

Purser Edward Bissell, leave of absence renewed for three months.

Captain Andrew Fitzhugh, to the command of the steamer Mississippi.

Commander Henry A. Adams, to the Mississippi.

Lieut. Wm. Smith, to the Mississippi.

Lieut. Jas. C. Carter, detached from the receiving ship at New York, and ordered to the Mississippi.

Lieut. Wm. A. Parker, ordered to the Mississippi.

Passed Midshipman, Joseph N. Barney, detached from the receiving vessel at Philadelphia, and ordered to the Mississippi as Acting Master.

Purser Lewis Warrington, ordered to the Mississippi.

Passed Midshipman Henry Rodgers, ordered to the Mississippi.

Boatswain Joshua Bryant, ordered to the Mississippi.

Gunner John Martin, detached from New York Yard, and ordered to the Mississippi.

Carpenter Joseph Cox, detached from Portsmouth yard, and ordered to the Mississippi.

Sailmaker Thomas J. Boyce, ordered to the Mississippi.

Purser Thomas Breese, to the Boston station, as Inspector of provisions, &c.

Letters have been received from Commodore Sloat, in the Pacific, to the 7th of March. The Savannah passed several weeks of the winter at Monterey.

NOTHING NEW.—The Secretaries of War and of the Navy, to whom the subject was referred by the last House of Representatives, have arrived at the conclusion that Colt's sub-marine battery is nothing new; that he is entitled to neither praise nor reward; and that he has only availed himself of Fulton's stationary torpedoes and Professor Hare's galvanic current. It appears from the communication of the Secretary of the Navy, however, that all Mr. Colt's labors have not been for nought. He has received from that department over fifteen thousand dollars on his own account, and over two thousand dollars for experiments—amounting in all, to upwards of seventeen thousand dollars.

☞ The marine hospital at Cleveland, is at length about being commenced. Major H. S. Webb, formerly of the U. S. army, has been appointed agent to superintend the erection.

☞ The Washington Union states that Col. Kearney, with several troops of his regiment of dragoons, and in pursuance of standing orders from the General-in-chief of 1842, will set out from Fort Leavenworth (on the Missouri) some time in this month, to make an extensive tour of the prairies beyond. Two other companies of the same regiment (the first dragoons) are about to make a tour, with similar objects, along the Mississippi, and high up the St. Peter's river, which has its mouth near the Great Falls, (St. Anthony,) also returning by a different route.

☞ A Court Martial to try Capt. Voorhies, for the seizure of the Buenos Ayres squadron in October last, is to be convened at Washington on the 2d of June. The Court is to be composed of the following officers: Capt. Charles Stewart, President; Capt. Charles G. Ridgely, member; Capt. John Downes, do.; Capt. Stephen Cassin, do; Capt. Lawrence Kearney, do.; Capt. David Geisinger, do.; Capt. Charles S. McCauly, do.; Capt. John H. Aulick, do.; Capt. French Forrest, do.; and Benjamin F. Hallett, of Boston, Judge Advocate.

☞ The following is a summary from the official list of the Navy, lately published in the Union:

Ships of the line	10	Razee	1
First class Frigates	12	First class Sloops	17
Second do.	2	Second do	6
Brigs	8	Schooners	8
Steamers	8	Store Ships	4

The number of guns are not given, and several of the vessels are in ordinary.

☞ The remains of the late Commodore Shubrick, of the U. S. Navy, were conveyed to their last resting place in the cemetery of St. Phillip's Church, at Charleston, S. C., on the 15th inst., with proper and impressive manifestations of respect, the Naval Officers, Military of the city, and Civil Authorities joining in the procession, which followed the remains.

☞ The U. S. sloop of war John Adams, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, is to be fitted for service immediately. The ship of the line Columbus, will sail from New York for the East Indies, about the 25th inst. The sloop of war Vincennes, is ordered to be surveyed at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

☞ Henry Etting, Purser U. S. frigate "Macedonian," has sent to the 4th Auditor of the Treasury $451.23, which was subscribed on board that ship, while on her late cruise, for the benefit of the widows and orphans of those who were lost in the "Grampus."

☞ The Washington Union says that the steamer Mississippi, at Boston, has been put in commission, and is to go to sea immediately.

Local Intelligence.

SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

The twenty-first Anniversary of the Sunday School Union, was celebrated on Tuesday evening, in the Saloon of the Musical Fund Hall. The chair was occupied by the venerable Alexander Henry, Esq., and the exercises opened with a prayer by Rev. Mr. Lord, of this city. During the evening, addresses were delivered, and resolutions offered, by the Rev. Mr. Reese of New York, Rev. Mr. Cheddelow of Ohio, Rev. Dr. Johns of Baltimore, President Maxwell, of Hampden and Sydney College, Va., Rev. Dr. Parker of this city, and others. The Rev Dr. Packard, after a few preparatory remarks, read an abstract of the Annual Report of the Board of Managers.

The amount of books distributed is $91,112 55, which exceeds that of last year by $21,903 36, and is larger than in any previous year, except 1832. The donations also exceed those of last year by the sum of $10,587 27.

The total amount of donations and legacies received during the year, is $25,930 56—and the salaries and expenses of agents to collect this sum, and of missionaries to establish schools, and promote the general interests of the institution is $9,234 89.

The value of libraries, &c., furnished gratuitously, in answer to well supported applications, is $14,320 22. The average value of these libraries is (within a fraction) $7 50 each, and it is estimated that the number of schools aided, is not far from two thousand, and they are scattered all over the land. Seventy-two pages being assumed as the average size of books in these gratuitous libraries, it would show the number of pages gratuitously distributed in the year, to be nearly *fourteen millions*.

One section of the report adverts to the munificent offer of a citizen of Georgia to give $1,500 in addition to a like sum to be advanced by the Society towards supplying one hundred new Sunday schools in that State, each with a library worth $30, provided that not more than three should be given in any one county, and that reasonable assurance is given of the regular attendance of at least three teachers and thirty scholars at each school. Notice of the plan was given last autumn, and one hundred and two applications have been received; and more than half of them have been promptly supplied. To this practical, most beneficent and noble project, not a dollar has been contributed to aid the Society in doing its part of the work, except a donation of $100, by a northern clergyman resident in Georgia! It is hoped that some generous heart will yet be open, to aid in accomplishing what remains to be done in this behalf.

The Society has printed during the year, 185 new publications. Of these, 30 are bound library books; some of them, such as "Good—Better—Best," "History of the Huguenots," "The Martyr Missionary," and "Thomas Cranfield," are of sterling value for the use of all classes. Of these library books, 22 are original works prepared for the Society.

The number of new pages stereotyped during the year, is upwards of 87,000,000, without including any of the periodical or pamphlet publications. Including these, the aggregate would be fully 200,000,000.

The report adverts to the increased circulation of the Society's periodicals—particularly the Sunday School Journal, which is issued semi-monthly, and put at the exceedingly low price of 25 cents a year, and the "Youth's Penny Gazette," which is published every other week, and costs but 12½ cents a year, where the number of forty copies are sent to one address. Some very interesting and impressive calculations are made, to show the vast amount of valuable reading matter which is put in circulation in this form by the Society.

Emphatic testimony has been given by the Reform Dutch Church, to the value of the Society's series of Union Questions, in adopting them into the list of their prescribed text-books, and the general tenor of the report is highly encouraging to the friends of Sunday Schools.

HOME MISSIONS.

The Fifth Anniversary of the Philadelphia Home Missionary Society was celebrated on Wednesday evening in the First Presbyterian Church, Washington Square. Mr. G. W. McClelland, President, in the Chair. The services were opened with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Cheever, of Newark, N. J.

An abstract of the Fifth Annual Report was read by the Secretary, the Rev. E. R. Fairchild. The Report notices, in the introduction, the Divine goodness to the Society in the preservation of the lives of all its officers and missionaries during the past year. Not one has died. The number of Ministers of the Gospel in the employment of the Society, during the year, has been sixty-two. The number of congregations supplied, in whole or in part, with the preaching of the Gospel, has been ninety-two. Sabbath Schools and Bible Classes are sustained, at all the missionary stations, most of the year. The cause of Temperance is maintained in communities associated with the missions, and many thousands of persons, in them, have signed the "pledge" of total abstinence from all that can intoxicate.

Four churches have been completed, and four others commenced, within the year, and a few parsonages have been procured. Additions to the Churches are 270; by profession of their faith, 167; and by letters from other churches 105. Three churches have been organized and thirteen new fields entered during the year.

The balance in the treasury, April 1, 1844 was $2,847 80. The receipts from that date to April 1, 1845, were, at the office in Philadelphia, $7,793 63½; and at the office in New York, as acknowledged in the "Home Missionary," from May, 1844, to April, 1845, inclusive, were $3,925 64, making the resources of the year $11,567 07½. The disbursements (including the amount sent from this field to the office in New York) were $10,734 38½, leaving a balance, April 1, 1845, of $2,832 69 in the treasury. The unpaid claims of missionaries for labor already performed, and the pledges, given for the year ensuing, are upwards of $4,600.

Besides what has been done for the benefit of the destitute, within its own limits, (the States of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia,) of the funds received during the year nearly $4,000 have been expended for the benefit of the new settlements of the west.

After the report had been read, was sung the hymn, "When, Lord, to this our Western Land." Sermon by the Rev. E. W. Gilbert, D. D., President of Delaware College, from 1st Timothy, 4th, 8th, and 16th. After the Sermon a Prayer was made by President Sturdivant, of Illinois College, and the services closed with the benediction by Rev. Dr. Beecher, of Ohio.

EDUCATION SOCIETY.

The twenty-seventh anniversary of the Central American Education Society was celebrated on Thursday evening week, in the First Presbyterian Church, Washington Square—the President, Mr. Ambrose White, in the chair.

The services were commenced by the singing of the anthem—"Oh Praise Ye the Lord," and prayer by the Rev. Mr. Rood.

A statistical statement of the affairs of the Society was read by the Secretary, the Rev. Dr. Phelps.

The organization of this Society embraces the American Education Society, which has the seat of its operations in Boston, and the Central American Education Society, having the seat of its operations in New York and Philadelphia, with their auxiliaries. It was organized in 1815, and incorporated in 1816. It has aided nearly 2,000 young men who have already entered the ministry. About 100 have gone abroad as foreign missionaries, and more than 1,000 have been at different times employed as home missionaries, chiefly at the West.

For the last seven years the Society has been embarrassed in its operations for the want of funds, and about 400 of its beneficiaries were constrained to leave study for the want of support. Its receipts were reduced to a little more than $30,000 a year. But the last year a very encouraging increase in its receipts has taken place.

Amount received in 1844, was	$34,811 57
" " in 1845, was	52,369 75
Increase during the last year, or more than 50 per cent.	17,558 18

The receipts the last year are greater in proportion to the amount of agency employed, than those of any previous year. Arrangements are in progress for enlarging its operations during the ensuing year. The number in Colleges and Theological Seminaries receiving aid is 345. The number of destitute churches is about 4,000.

After the report, the Rev. Drs. Parker, and Beecher, and Rev. Mr. Sturdivant addressed the meeting.

The Benediction was pronounced by Rev. Mr. Barnes.

EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.—The delegates of the P. E. Church are in session this week in annual convention, in this city. The convention organized by the choice of Dr. Bull as its chairman, the vote being 33 for Dr. Bowman, 34 for Dr. Bull, among the clergy, and a majority of seven for the latter among the laity. Rev. T. M. Clark of St. Andrews preached the annual sermon, which was eloquent, well timed in its matter, and impressive.

On Thursday morning the Convention went into the choice of a Bishop, but the result was not known when we were compelled to go to press.

LEGACIES.—Miss Sarah Hutchins, who died in this city on the 29th of March bequeathed between sixteen and seventeen thousand dollars to various institutions. Among them we observe $1,000 each to the Female Episcopal Benevolent Society, Indigent Widows and Single Women's Society, P. E. Advancement Society, Episcopal Female Tract Society; P. E. Society for Domestic Missions, with the reversion of $6,000 more. She also gave $3,600 to Christ Church, and $500 each to Wills' Hospital and the Deaf and Dumb Institution.

SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—The building formerly occupied as the Custom House in Second street, below Walnut, was sold on Tuesday evening at the Philadelphia Exchange, by M. Thomas & Son, for the sum of $32,300. The large stores Nos. 20 and 32 Walnut street, belonging to the late John Waln, were sold for $7,000 each.

☞ The ship Thomas P. Cope arrived at this port on Tuesday, with 280 emigrants on board, from Liverpool. She has a valuable cargo of merchandise on board.

PITTSBURG RELIEF.—The sum collected for the relief of Pittsburg in this city, exclusive of large donations sent direct by individuals, amounted to nearly $39,000.

Personal News.

☞ The Baltimore Patriot announces the death of Richard Caton, Esq., after a short illness, at the advanced age of 83 years. Mr. C. was a native of Lancaster, England, and had been a resident of Baltimore for the last sixty-two years. He married the eldest daughter of the late Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, and was the father of the Marchioness of Wellesly. Mr. C. has long had the management of large landed estates; possessed a highly enterprising spirit, and was distinguished as an accomplished gentleman of the old school.

APPOINTMENTS.—We observe the following among other appointments:

George W. Doty, Lieutenant in the Navy, vice Wm. A. Jones, resigned.

Daniel Dobbins, (re-appointed) Captain of the Cutter in Revenue Service, vice Gilbert Knapp, dismissed.

John Norvell, Attorney United States for district of Michigan, vice George C. Bates, resigned, to take effect 1st June, 1845.

Charles G. Hammond, Collector at Detroit, Mich., vice Edward Brooks, resigned.

Samuel C. White, Surveyor of Accomac Court House, Va., vice Wm. Walston, removed.

S. W. Downs, Esq., District Attorney for the State of Louisiana, in place of Balie Peyton.

☞ On motion of Mr. Lee, of the Legislature of New York, a Committee, on a recent occasion, was appointed to wait on Mrs. General Hamilton, who is a daughter of General Schuyler, and invite her to take a seat within the bar of the House. The venerable lady entered, and the whole assembly rose to receive her. This was a merited token of respect for the living and the memory of the distinguished dead.

☞ The Countess Hahn Hahn gives the following sketch of Miss Bremer—"She has beautiful, thoughtful eyes, and a clear, broad—I might almost say, a solid forehead, with distinct, finely marked eyebrows, which move when she speaks, especially when a sudden thought bursts into speech; this is very becoming to her. She has a small and light figure, and was dressed in black silk."

☞ On Tuesday week, Bishop Delancy, of the P. E. Church, of Western New York, met with a serious accident near Bethany. He was thrown from a wagon, and remained from Friday afternoon, when the accident occurred, until Sunday, nearly insensible. On that day he was able to recognise his friends; and of his recovery, at first thought almost impossible, great hopes are entertained.

☞ Reuben M. Whitney, Esq., who has held a conspicuous position in the political world for many years, died in Washington on Thursday week in the 57th year of his age. He had been in infirm health for several months.

☞ At an examination of the students of Princeton College, concluded on the 12th inst., diplomas were awarded to twenty-seven graduates. In the list were the names of W. S. Drysdale, of this city, Robert Hamill, of Norristown, and George W. Newell, of Newtown, Pa.

☞ The President has appointed as Appraisers—George W. Pomeroy, New York City, vice Mathias B. Edgar, removed; Samuel Jones Willis, New York, vice Amos Palmer, removed; Benjamin E. Carpenter, Philadelphia, vice Samuel Spackman, removed.

☞ Capt. Wilkes, in his Narrative of the Exploring Expedition, says that when he arrived at Tahiti, a great number of Chiefs paid him a visit, to solicit the washing of his dirty linen, a business which is among the prerogatives of the Queen and Chiefs.

☞ Three merchant ships arrived at Boston, on Friday week, with 645 steerage passengers—of whom 318 are Russians from St. Petersburg. This is something new under the sun—for the policy of the Russian Emperor forbids emigration.

☞ Among the passengers which sailed in the packet ship Yorkshire from New York for Liverpool on Monday morning, are Col. W. W. Polk, Charge d'Affaires to Naples, and Dr. W. A. Sparks, Consul to Venice, and his lady.

☞ Hon. B. F. Butler, will deliver the annual address before the Belles Lettres Society of Dickinson College, at Carlisle, Pa., on the 9th of next month, being the day previous to the annual commencement.

☞ We notice the death at Albany, of Mrs. Anna Bay, a lady aged one hundred years. She was the mother of a distinguished and highly esteemed citizen of that city, Dr. Wm. Bay.

☞ A Washington letter says that the President and his family will visit Old Point and the Rip Raps, this summer, while the Executive mansion is undergoing repairs.

☞ Professor George Tucker has resigned his chair as Professor of Moral Philosophy in the Virginia University. The Visiters will fill the vacancy on the 1st of July.

☞ The Washington Union, positively contradicts the rumor that Mr. Calhoun was about to be appointed on a special mission to England.

☞ Nathan James, aged 91, a soldier of the Revolution, died in Doylestown township, Bucks county, on the 12th inst.

☞ The Rev. P. J. Sparrow, has been elected President of Hampden Sydney College, in Virginia.

A NAUGHTY MAN.

[The last Lecture of Mrs. Caudle, received by the Britannia, will be found below. The card which Mr. Caudle issued to his friends had as ornaments a punch bowl, a broom, a bottle, glass, pipes, and dead-latch key, neatly disposed with the motto, "When the cat's away the mice will play." To tell the whole truth, we do not so much blame Mrs. Caudle this time. If a woman can't scold at such goings on, what is the use of her tongue?]

MRS. CAUDLE HAS BEEN TO SEE HER DEAR MOTHER. CAUDLE, ON THE "JOYFUL OCCASION," HAS GIVEN A PARTY, AND ISSUED THE ANNEXED CARD OF INVITATION.

Mr. Caudle's compliments to Mr. Prettyman, and expects to have the honor of his company on this joyful occasion, at half past eight o'clock.

"It is hard, I think, Mr. Caudle, that I can't leave home for a day or two, but the house must be turned into a tavern: a tavern?—a pothouse! Yes, I thought you were very anxious that I should go; I thought you wanted to get rid of me for something, or you would not have insisted on my staying at dear mother's all night. You were afraid I should get cold coming home, were you? Oh, yes, you can be very tender, you can, Mr. Caudle, when it suits your own purpose. Yes! and the world thinks what a good husband you are! I only wish the world knew you as well as I do, that's all; but it shall, some day, I'm determined.

"I'm sure the house will not be sweet for a month. All the curtains are poisoned with smoke; and, what's more, with the filthiest smoke I ever knew. *Take 'em down, then?* Yes, it's all very well for you to say, take 'em down; but they were only cleaned and put up a month ago, but a careful wife's lost upon you, Mr. Caudle. You ought to have married somebody who'd have let your house go to wreck and ruin, as I will for the future. People who don't care for their families are better thought of than those who do; I've long found out *that*.

"And what a condition the carpet's in! They've taken five pounds of it, if a farthing, with their filthy boots, and I don't know what besides. And then the smoke in the hearth-rug, and a large cinder-hole burnt in it? I never saw such a house in my life! If you wanted to have a few friends, why couldn't you invite them when your wife's at home, like any other man? not have 'em sneaking in, like a set of housebreakers, directly a woman turns her back. They must be pretty gentlemen, they must; mean fellows, that are afraid to face a woman! Ha! and you call yourselves the lords of the creation! I should only like to see what would become of the creation, if you were left to yourself! A pretty pickle creation would be in very soon!

"You must all have been in a nice condition! What do you say? *You took nothing?* Took nothing, didn't you? I'm sure there's such a regiment of empty bottles, I havn't had the heart to count 'em. And punch, too! you must have punch! There's a hundred half-lemons in the kitchen, if there's one: for Susan, like a good girl, kept 'em to show 'em to me. No, sir; Susan *shan't leave the house!* What do you say? *She has no right to tell tales, and you WILL be master in your own house?* Will you? If you don't alter, Mr. Caudle, you'll soon have no house to be master of. A whole loaf of sugar did I leave in the cupboard, and now there isn't as much as would fill a tea-cup. Do you suppose I'm to find sugar for punch for fifty men? What do you say? *There wasn't fifty?* That's no matter; the more shame for 'em, sir. I'm sure they drank enough for fifty. Do you suppose I'm to find sugar for punch for all the world out of my housekeeping money? *You don't ask me?* Don't you ask me? You do; you know you do: for if I only want a shilling extra, the house is in a blaze. And yet a whole loaf of sugar can you throw away upon——No, I *won't* be still; and I *won't* let you go to sleep. If you'd got to bed at a proper hour last night, you wouldn't have been so sleepy now. You can sit up half the night with a pack of people who don't care for you, and your poor wife can't get in a word!

"And there's that China image that I had when I was married—I wouldn't have taken any sum of money for it, and you knew it—and how do I find it? With its precious head knocked off! And what was more mean, more contemptible than all besides, it was put on again, as if nothing had happened. *You knew nothing about it?* Now, how can you lie there, in your Christian bed, Caudle, and say that? You know that that fellow, Prettyman, knocked off the head with the poker! You know that he did. And you hadn't the feeling,—yes, I will say it,—you hadn't the feeling to protect what you knew was precious to me. Oh no, if the truth was known, you were very glad to see it broken for that very reason.

"Every way, I've been insulted. I should like to know who it was who corked whiskers on my dear aunt's picture? Oh! you're laughing, are you? *You're not laughing?* Don't tell me that. I should like to know what shakes the bed, then, if you're not laughing? Yes, corked whiskers on her dear face,—and she was a good soul to you, Caudle, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself to see her ill-used. Oh, you may laugh! It's very easy to laugh! I only wish you'd a little feeling, like other people, that's all.

"Then there's my China mug—the mug I had before I was married—when I was a happy creature. I should like to know who knocked the spout off that mug? Don't tell me it was cracked before—it's no such thing, Caudle; there wasn't a flaw in it—and now, I could have cried when I saw it. Don't tell me it wasn't worth twopence. How do you know? You never buy mugs. But that's like men; they think nothing in a house costs anything.

"There's four glasses broke, and nine cracked. At least, that's all I've found out at present; but I dare say I shall discover a dozen to-morrow.

"And I should like to know where the cotton umbrella's gone to—and I should like to know who broke the bell pull—and perhaps you don't know there's a leg off a chair,—and perhaps—"

"Here," says Caudle, "Morpheus came to my aid, and I slept; say, I think I snored."

☞ Illinois is a land of abounding agricultural fertility, and wheat is its principal staple. As an illustration of how exclusively attention is devoted to wheat to the neglect of the other grain, the Chicago Journal states that oats from Ohio, by the lakes, are selling at living rates in that city, to be sent into the interior.

New York City.

YANKEE NOTIONS.—The Journal of Commerce says:—"The Yorkshire takes out 2,41[illegible] sides and 34 bundles leather, which is now admitted in the ports of Great Britain duty free. Almost every packet since the news of Sir Robert Peel's revision of the Tariff, has had small invoices of leather, and one or two of the first lots have now been heard from, and brought such profits as to induce much larger shipments. The Yorkshire is freighted with a variety of Yankee notions, and among them as companions for the leather, we suppose, are ten casks of shoe pegs."

ACCOMMODATING BOTH WAYS.—The New York Tribune has the following:

Col. Graham has abdicated and Robert Morris assumed the Postmastership. It is said that Morris, on taking possession, looked around the Post-office at the different doors, and said,

"Well, Colonel, you have a good many ways of getting in here."

"Yes," answered Graham, "and also a good many ways of *getting out*."

☞ The New York Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, assembled on Wednesday week, in the Forsyth street Church, New York city. The Conference is very large, numbering about two hundred and fifty members, nearly all of whom were present. Bishop Waugh, presides, assisted by Bishop Jones.

☞ A Hippopotamus, by some supposed to be the Behemoth of Scripture, has arrived in New York. It was captured not long since by a boat's crew from a New Bedford vessel, at the mouth of a river in Africa. No animal possesses a more singular appearance, none has more curious habits.

☞ The American Atlantic Steam Company, just chartered by the New York Legislature, is to continue for twenty-four years, and the capital stock, is to be $2,000,000 at $100 each share.

☞ A beautiful ship called the "Prince de Joinville," of 600 tons burthen, built for a line of Marseilles packets, was launched at New York on Saturday afternoon.

☞ John T. Smith, & Co., heavy brokers in New York, have made a most disastrous failure—some accounts say half a million.

Casualties.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.—A few days since, an accident of a most distressing nature took place at Caledon, Canada West. The particulars are furnished by the Toronto Colonist. A man named Evans, was engaged in felling timber, when his wife and two interesting children, the eldest a boy of about two years of age, came out to see him cut down the "big trees." He was engaged at one against which another was lodged—he was in a small glen, and his family on the bank above him. He told his wife to stay where she was, as he was quite certain the tree would go in an opposite direction. But it came down with a tremendous crash, right over them. The whole three were struck down by a limb of the tree, the eldest child almost literally cut in two, and all appeared quite dead. Evans ran for help to the nearest neighbor, some distance off. A surgeon was sent for; he says that the youngest child will probably recover, though it is severely cut across the forehead, but the mother's recovery is almost hopeless, as the ribs are broken from the back bone.

☞ In the town of Andes, Delaware Co., N. Y., three persons were killed last week. On the 6th a number of individuals were engaged in preventing the fire from a burning fallow spreading to the woods, when a large maple tree burnt off near the ground, and, falling suddenly, crushed beneath it two persons, Nicholas Akerly and Timothy Perse. Mr. Akerly lived but a few minutes, being insensible all the time. He has left a wife and two children to mourn his melancholy death. Perse died soon after. On the 8th, a lad aged 13 named John O. Roney, was engaged in drawing logs down a hill, and not returning soon, search was made for him, when he was found dead, supposed to have been killed by either the horse or logs going over him.

☞ A bolt of lightning, accompanied by a tremendous clap of thunder, struck near the manufacturing establishment of Messrs. French, Dwight & Co., at Humphreysville, Conn., on Tuesday week, which seemed to shake the whole village, and knocked down three men, who were taken up senseless and apparently dead. They recovered, however, and were all apparently well the next morning.

General News.

THE CASTNER CASE.

The Supreme Court of New Jersey has refused the application of Carter and Parke for a new trial for the Castner murder.

☞ So closely does commerce connect the interests of the world, that no misfortune can occur to one community without affecting others—and sometimes in a most unexpected manner. For instance, it is said that an important branch of trade in Maine has been materially and injuriously affected by the failure of the sugar and molasses crops of Cuba and Porto Rico. Maine has principally furnished the lumber, boxes and casks in which the crops of those islands have been packed for market—the value of boxes sent to Cuba last year for the reception of the sugar crop, being alone about $500,000. But in the failure of the crops, these articles are required to a limited extent only, and consequently the raw material and industry of Maine are not called for.

NEW STYLE VEHICLE.—The physicians of Boston use a light cab about half the usual capacity, *inside* of which the driver sits at his ease, the reins passing out of a small window in the front. There is no outside seat, and these queer little nutshells with a hole in them, are in great vogue. They shelter the driver and occupant completely from view, and look as they pass along the streets, like a horse and cab out for a private walk on their own hook.

☞ A case of great interest and involving a large amount of money, was recently tried at Lancaster. It was a trial in which a Mrs. Yeates sought to obtain of her husband, Mr. Yeates, from whom she is separated, damages for a failure on his part to perfect a marriage settlement. The jury after a careful investigation of the case, and listening to the arguments pro and con, of the learned counsel, returned a verdict of $20,000 for the plaintiff.

☞ The Boston papers record an act of disinterested benevolence, worthy of special notice. A noble-hearted merchant, of Boston, was present at the disastrous fire in that city, and seeing the distress of poor women, who had lost all the property they had, drew from his pocket book a full roll of Bank Bills, and freely distributed among them every dollar.

☞ The Boston Atlas, cautions the public to look out for $1's of Eagle Bank, Boston, altered to fives, exceedingly well done. The genuine fives have a spread eagle, and cupids sporting in a flower arbor, whereas the one's have the eagle without the cupids and arbor.

☞ There is an apple tree in full growth on a farm at Spring Valley, near Hackensack, Bergen County, N. J., which measures twelve feet nine inches in circumference, and which produced one hundred bushels of fruit in one year.

FASHION AND PEYTONA.—The next race between these two celebrated horses will take place on the 30th inst., over the Camden Course. The proprietors of the course are making extensive preparations for the occasion.

☞ A large silver mine has been discovered on New River, in Grayson county, Va., about twenty miles from the Court House of that county. A smelting furnace is about to be erected at the mines.

☞ There is an individual down east so philanthropic that he has opened a dairy to serve out the milk of human kindness.

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION; &c.

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Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.
Agents are respectfully solicited to make quick remittances, as their whole it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They will please write their names and address plain.
Remarks must always state the Post Office remitted from as well as where the paper is to be addressed.

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On the night of the 14th, a fire broke out in the four story building on Columbia street, corner of the alley between Main and Sycamore streets. Mr. B. F. Stone, Grocer and Commission Merchant, occupied the first and second stories, and Messrs. Winchell & Greenfield, Tin and Japan-ware manufacturers, the third and fourth. The roof and upper stories were burnt, and the lower stories deluged with water, doing great injury of course to the goods.

A fire broke out at Memphis, Tenn., on the 8th inst., in the rear premises of Messrs. Beck & Higgins, and before the flames were subdued, several wooden buildings occupied as stores, and a large tenement belonging to E. L. Conant, Esq., were consumed. The sufferers by the conflagration were Messrs. Beck & Higgins, J. G. Paige & Co., Mr. George Bohr, and Mr. H. Mark. Most of the property was insured.

Large Swamp in Beaufort, Tyrrell and Hyde counties, N. C., have been on fire. It is said that there were two whole families burnt up in Tyrrell, one of the families consisting of a man, his wife, three children and three negroes.

The Vergennes Vermonter says that the mountains are on fire all around the town. The smoke is progressively every morning and the fire ascended in solemn visible clouds. The loss of property is very great.

The rope walk belonging to F. Dimmit, in Buffalo, was destroyed by fire on the 14th. There is $4,000 loss—$2,500 insurance.

Foreign Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE BRITANNIA.

FIFTEEN DAYS LATER.

By the arrival of the steam packet Britannia, from Liverpool, we have the latest dates to the 6th instant. The news is not important—save that it shows a very placid state of public mind on the subject of the Oregon dispute. The journals here have fairly given up their blaster about Texas and Oregon, and although there seems to be a lurking hope that Texas may *decline* annexation.

The Maynooth excitement still continues—but no further appointments had been made. The question on the final reading and enactment still remains, but no doubt whatever was entertained that the bill would finally pass. The Duke of Leeds will probably let it go through without much discussion.

The money market continued easy, and, the bill-way mania having slightly passed, there were great speculations in cotton, the traffickers calculating on the chances of war with the United States. Intelligence from this country was looked for with great anxiety—by the speculators—for on the slightest intimations from this side, fortunes among Cotton lords advanced a quarter of a penny, and heavy sales were made. There was some fluctuation during the week ending May 31, but previous rates were, on the whole supported. Total sales for the two weeks—172,670.

There was very little doing in the stock market—the Maynooth excitement giving the lords' folk a good deal to think about.

Life of Robert Montgomery. *With an Introduction by Rev. Dr. Baird. New York: John F. Trow. Philadelphia: Hartman Hamilton*—The subject of this memoir was formerly a Capuchin, and a new a Protestant. He has delivered a series of lectures in various parts of this country, in French, Dr. Baird has translated his audiences. The book is an autobiography and gives the author's own account of his conversion.

A Sketch of Latin Prosody. *By Henry Moore, M. D. Classical Master at Mercer Hall, Columbia, New Jersey*—Published at Carey, and other leading articles having been very large, and at improving rates. A generous general's continues it a week still, and healthy state, and commercial confidence is consequently maintained.

In American Provisions a large business has been transacted in the part of the month, and an advance established of 3s. per tierce and barrel on Beef and Pork respectively. Within the last few days the market has been quieter; the prospects for the remainder of the season are, however, good—the stock here being light, and on unduly large arrivals expected, while of Hogs[illegible] a certain to be steadier and more extensive than it has yet been.

In Pork, the trade is becoming more satisfactory, the quality of the brands now on the market, being of the first order, to the satisfaction of buyers. In Hams, there has been no transaction, the quality of prime quality, in good shipping order, will meet a demand for export during the season.

The sales of Cheese in April, were over 300 tons, and in May, over 400 tons in first hands; not more than 50 tons, which, with any arrivals that may yet come to hand, will meet with a quiet sale at our ever new quotations. With decreasing stocks and limited supplies both of English and foreign, higher rates have been realized for such dairies as were in good keeping condition. Butter has declined considerably in value, the weather having become very favorable for the make of new, and the supplies of Dutch to London having been so large as to overstock that market, and induce consignments to Liverpool and Manchester. Good Butter continues to be wanted, and an advance could be had to per cwt. a ton obtainable.

The import of Lard is small, and with a good demand for all qualities, our market is kept bare of stock. The remission of duty has not yet affected the value of Lard, but that is sufficient by five, the same as Pitsburg, though not to so great an extent. A slip from the office of the Secretary of the Treasury, dated Saturday, says that on the fire was the work of an incendiary, and that twenty-four dwelling houses and four stores and warehouses were entirely consumed, together with all their contents of goods shipped for the east. The fire occurred on Saturday night.

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Meditations and Contemplations. *By James Hervey, A. M. To which is prefixed a Life of the Author. Philadelphia: Soren & Ball*—This is a very neat and tasteful illustrated edition of a standard book. Hervey's Meditations would keep their place, if there was a new number every month. As they are, and they could endure, there would be copies cherished and preserved by the admirers of the truly devotional mind, and the sympathizers with it. Any defect may be guilty of the utterance of undue praise, and the examination of the subject matter religion, by wearying people with their words, words, words, but Hervey is not one of these. He is worthy of a place on the same shelf with John Bunyan. He writes as he feels, and makes the reader feel too—and no one capable of thinking can get through the volume of his works. They are sound and like pleasingly masterful music.

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INFORMATION is wanted of WILLIAM TAPP, who left Glasgow some Yrs. Three years ago for Tuscaloosa. It would be to his interest to address J. R. Nelson, Annsville, Rappahannock county, Va.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Subscribers will find all remittances credited below. Those living in the vicinity of a Post Master can call upon him and have their letters containing money *franked*, if they send another enclosing his what relates to the business of the office. Many hundred dollars might be saved or if attention were generally paid to the matter. It would be as well in so many cases as possible for the subscriber to write his own letter, and subject it to the inspection of the Post Master before sealing, as a mere line approving of the letter, and a frank on the outside will be all that the law requires, and will relieve him from much trouble.

Receipts for the United States Saturday Post from the 6th to the 19th May.

May 7.

S. Clark	2 00	S. H. Corbin	2 00
Thos. Gaskill	2 00	L. P. Reed	2 00
J. B. Russell	2 00	H. E. Dunbrack	2 00
S. Pugh	2 00	Dr. B. Nixon	2 00
J. Pugh	2 00	J. Wood, Jr.	2 00
R. W. Peters	1 00	T. Roberts	1 25
J. H. Hall	2 00	H. E. Fant	2 00
J. G. Gerber	4 00	J. Parkman	2 00
A. Turner	1 00	L. Habley	2 00
J. Hoffman	2 00		

May 7.

Mrs. C. A. Gillespie	2 00	W. Mosier	1 00
W. A. Pierce, agt.	20 00	W. R. Evans	2 00
J. Wilson, Jr.	2 00	Nelson, Jr.	2 00
J. Gillespie	2 00	J. Thomas	2 00
Mrs. R. Hughes	2 00	Wm. Hall	2 00
Col. J. B. Grimes	2 00	F. L. Mason	2 00
S. White, Jr.	1 00	P. Wolfenbarger	2 00
T. Blackwell	2 00	C. Mann	2 00
Miss N. Bowers	1 00	T. W. Smith	1 00
T. S. Rowan	2 00	P. Akers	2 00
J. H. Abner	2 00	N. W. Patton	4 00
A. O. Spalding, P. M.	11 00		

May 9.

J. Saunders	2 00	J. V. Long	1 50
Mrs. C. Bowers	2 00	E. Bowers	2 00
H. Knowlton	2 00	G. Stout	1 00
J. Hall	2 00	G. H. Boggs	2 00
R. Crawford	1 00	O. H. Quigley	2 00
J. Wilson, Jr.	2 00	J. Wilson, Jr.	2 00
J. A. Lenton	1 00	H. Truman	2 00
A. A. Pace	1 00	A. J. Alexander	2 00
J. Hall, Jr.	2 00	C. Stone	1 00
Dan'l Barr	1 00	P. Low	2 00

May 8.

Miss E. P. Stevens	2 00	L. Dorlon	2 00
J. Hall	2 00	Miss E. Page	2 00
G. H. Oliver	2 00	J. W. Dugan	1 00
J. Quale	2 00	J. Simpson	10 00
J. Wilson	2 00	J. W. Smith	2 00
J. Wilson	2 00	G. Mayer	2 00
J. W. Smith	10 00	J. Calder	2 00
J. Calder	2 00	Capt. J. Coombs	2 00
Capt. J. Coombs	2 00	Sarah Williamson	2 00
Mrs. Hall	2 00	G. W. Gallaher	2 00
J. W. Smith	10 00	L. W. Smith	2 00
J. H. Parrott	2 00	J. Parrott	2 00
C. S. Pace	2 00	S. Lears	2 00

May 12.

J. H. Stevenson, agt.	11 00	W. Shaw	2 00
S. Rogers	2 00	D. Whitney	2 00
J. H. Hall	2 00	Mrs. Mary Ann	2 00
J. Pierce	10 00	" Strong	1 00
J. H. Hall	2 00	Mrs. Mary Ann	2 00
J. T. Prague	2 00	W. M. Wall	2 00
T. H. Bolton	1 00	W. B. Harley	1 00
J. W. Smith	2 00	F. W. Keen	2 00
J. P. Snapp	2 00	S. Darlington	2 00
L. Redwood	2 00	Rev. John Gillowes	2 00
Q. M. Mellon	2 00	Margt. Stevenson	1 00
C. Kingsbury	2 00	H. Hall	4 00
J. Tout	2 00	J. H. S. P. R. Rudolph	2 00
T. Tyrrell	1 00	J. Hall	2 00
J. Odell	2 00	J. Robertson	2 00
J. Roland	4 00	Rachel Lloyd	2 00
J. Patterson	1 00	T. Waterman	2 00
H. Barse	2 00		

May 13.

J. N. D'Sil	2 00	A. Osborne	2 00
J. Hall	2 00	Mrs. Mary Ann	2 00
J. W. Gill	2 00	C. M. Bibby	10 00
J. Thompson	2 00	D. Argley	2 00
B. F. Patterson	2 00	J. Hall	2 00
B. Pust	1 00	Miss E. Patrick	2 00
J. Gaw	2 00	J. Hall	2 00
T. Thomas	2 00	G. W. Smith	2 00
E. B. Jones	2 00	A. C. Smith	2 00

May 14.

A. Burton	2 00	G. Nabolsen	2 00
J. Hall	2 00	Mrs. Mary Ann	2 00
B. B. Clark	2 00	J. M. Williams	2 00
J. W. Townsend	2 00	S. Owens	2 00
Rev. H. J. Cunningham	2 00	H. Estes	2 00
J. Hall	2 00	H. W. Johnson	2 00
J. Odell	2 00	W. C. Atkinson	2 00
J. Gaston	2 00	G. Carpenter	2 00
J. Hall, Jr.	2 00	J. Hall, Jr.	2 00
B. W. Thorp	10 00	T. Sparkman	2 00
J. Hall	2 00	J. McMasters	2 00
N. Warren	1 00	J. P. Conard	11 50
H. Talbot	2 00	Dr. G. T. Gaze	4 00

May 15.

R. R. Latimer	2 00	D. H. Corbin	1 00
Mrs. Mary Ann	2 00	J. Hall	2 00
C. Cade	1 00	S. Lewis	2 00
J. R. Green	1 00	J. B. Green	2 00
C. A. Keen	2 00	Dr. D. S. Silver	2 00
J. Hall, Jr.	2 00	J. Simmons	2 00
S. M. Kunkle	2 00	B. Ateman	1 00
P. Seiler	2 00		

May 16.

W. H. Allman	10 00	W. Walker	2 00
W. W. Wagner	2 00	G. Todd	2 00
D. G. T. Martin	2 00	A. Dufour	2 00
J. C. Thompson	2 00	J. Hall, Jr.	2 00
J. J. Tittle, P. M.	10 00	J. K. Whipple, agt.	20 00
D. D. Tucker	2 00	J. Pyatt	2 00
J. Hall	2 00	J. Hall	2 00
S. Dutton	2 00	G. W. Duffey	2 00
J. Hall	2 00	R. H. Gaither	2 00
J. Reed	1 00	J. P. Stewart	1 00
J. Hall	2 00	J. Hall, Jr.	2 00
P. A. Love	2 00	T. T. Worthington	1 00
A. W. Bird	2 00	J. B. Gaines	11 25
J. Hall	2 00		

May 17.

J. R. Long	1 00	J. K. Long	1 00
H. W. Reade	12 00	J. W. Rains	2 00
Rev. J. Hall	2 00	J. Haley	2 00
W. M. Hodge	1 00	S. B. Jerome	1 00
J. Hall	2 00	M. Bywater	4 00
W. Marshall	1 00	J. Hall	2 00
Mrs. Mahaley	2 00	L. Burnsdorn	2 00
J. Hall	2 00		

May 19.

M. R. Foster	2 00	J. E. Fox	2 00
L. Bowen	2 00	J. M. Alexander	1 00
J. Hall	2 00	D. Strahl	2 00
J. C. Bowen	2 00	J. Hall	2 00
J. C. Bowen	2 00	Rev. H. Wharton	2 00
J. Hall	2 00	W. Gore	2 00
J. W. Foster	2 00	S. Gonsalez	2 00
J. Hall, Jr.	2 00	J. Hall	2 00
T. P. Oliver	2 00	J. Hall	2 00
J. P. Hanson	2 00	J. Hall	2 00
Dr. J. L. Sons	2 00	C. W. Hedman	10 00
R. J. Hall	2 00	L. Bever	2 00
J. Hall	2 00	J. Hall	2 00
C. G. Miller	2 00	P. A. Bartlett	2 00
J. Hall	2 00	R. B. Potts	2 00
J. J. Clarke	2 00		

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Remarks.—The continued state of the weather for the last week, has been unfavorable to the interests of the farmer, and it is to be feared will be followed by serious loss. Ashes—Small sales of western at $5.87½ cash and 6 months. Flour—The market has been quiet, sales of 1,000 bbls at $5. Coffee has been quiet, sales of 1,000 bags Rio at 7½ cash. Corn, and some small sales of Rye at 71 afloat on time. A cargo of Rice, and one of Manchester Salt, have been received. Provisions—The market has been scarcely active, we notice sales of 600 bales Upland Cotton at 5¾ cash. Fish—Mackerel have been in demand, and prices have advanced, sales of 1,000 bbls at $4.50 for No 1 shore, and $3.50 for No 2 do. Fruit—Raisins continue very firm, and prices have advanced, sales of 1,000 boxes at $1.75 for Malaga, and $2.50 for Muscatel. Hides—Sales of 1,000 at 6½ cash. Iron—The market has been scarcely active, we notice sales of 600 bales Upland Cotton at 5¾ cash. Fish—Mackerel have been in demand, and prices have advanced, sales of 1,000 bbls at $4.50 for No 1 shore, and $3.50 for No 2 do. Fruit—Raisins continue very firm, and prices have advanced, sales of 1,000 boxes at $1.75 for Malaga, and $2.50 for Muscatel. Hides—Sales of 1,000 at 6½ cash. Iron—The market has been scarcely active, we notice sales of 600 bales Upland Cotton at 5¾ cash. Fish—Mackerel have been in demand, and

Selected Poetry.

HOME.

[The following beautiful lines were written by a young man named Peakes, who died at Valparaiso, in 1847, of a broken heart!

We sat alone in a curtained bower,
And gazed o'er the darkening deep,
And the ruby of that twilight hour
Came o'er our hearts like sleep;
And we spoke the "hushed and holy hour"
Which had gladdened our childhood's early days
In the land, the friend or my only love,
Was a love, where pain had gone
Of the old flower-spotted joy of whom Faith,
Like a anchor, smiled upon.
And we spoke of a time when our hopes and wings,
And Memory to float like a storm-wing.

He leaned him on the mother throne
Of Affection's memories land!
His ear was tuned to the breaker's roar,
And he loved the black sea-sand,
And he loved the flowers, and the lovely lovers,
Roused all his soul's wild sympathies.

They had their tales of the many many lands
Which rose o'er Indian seas;
They had their shells from river sands,
And strange fruit from the trees,
They had lived their years from his father's hearth,
With his tones of love and his tones of mirth.

Now the last of those years is gone and gone,
And he strayed 'neath a tropic sun,
And the music of summer that lingered in his ear
Is that joyful hour was gone
And the land cherished had the wilds of night,
Had melted away like a fire-fly light.

He fled—his memory's wing graving long
Where the homestead sounds lay,
Chasing a thought with some old song,
And wiping his tears away;
And well I know that many a time
Like the dove of the deluge, pined for rest.

There was a spot in the land, he had loved,
Dished the beach's art
Remembered, beside its tongue spot said
The tale of a broken heart
The love he bore living, but the sleep
Of death is blind to those who watch and weep.

He fled—his memory's wing graving long
Where the time-tide train, and come
To the home's dark ruins of his heart,
And he murmured—" Home! home! home!"
And he spoke aloud with that holy name given,
Like a bird in the track of a bright sunbeam.

Oh! talk of spring to the tree-girl flower,
Of light to the fallen star,
Of peace to those who in despair's hour
Lie cold on the fields of war;
But to speak to the exile's heart of home
Or night but the home where he loves to dwell!

Personal Sketches.

ROBERT HALL.

We continue our selections of interesting Personal Sketches from the Boston Atlas. They have been attributed to the pen of Mr. Osborne, the British Consul, but it is not certain that he is the author of them. However he is, no acquaintance has been announced, and his memory is most excellent.

In the foremost rank of modern pulpit orators was Robert Hall, and he was scarcely less eccentric as a man than remarkable as a preacher. He was once in Boston, when I was resident in America, and ever remain an enduring monument of his fame and genius, and his love of liberty. To give some account of the man himself is my present purpose.

Long before I ever saw this truly great man, I heard his name frequently mentioned in my father's family, and I early learned to associate with it all that was great and extraordinary. My mother would tell me that she had often seen him, when a student in the Baptist Theological seminary at Bristol, passing the streets with only one stocking on, or occasionally with two on one foot. And from all quarters I gained such information respecting him as made me long to behold the man of whom such stories were related.

It must be now nearly twenty years since I first saw him. He was at that time pastor of a church at Leicester, and he visited Bristol, where I then resided, on the occasion of the missionary anniversary, one of the sermons connected with which he had engaged to preach, much, I heard, against his own unwillingness, but had an unconquerable dislike to making his appearance on such public occasions.

My father happening to hold the office of a deacon in the Church where Mr. Hall was to officiate, I went with him, on the eventful occasion, to the place of worship, and accompanied before the service commenced into the vestry. The building, although it wanted yet an hour of the time fixed for commencing the service, was densely thronged in every part, and a more than usual intellectual assemblage had never been gathered together. So popular was the great orator at this time, that it was no uncommon thing for the pulpits now at Oxford and Cambridge to leave their respective Universities on Saturday evening—get to Leicester, some hundred and fifty miles or so, hear him sermon from Mark and return to their homes after the evening service—thus spending one night and the whole sabbe of indulging in what was considered in be one of the richest intellectual treats.

On entering the vestry, I found a large number of ministers and other gentlemen assembled, awaiting the arrival of Mr. Hall, who had scarcely less celebrated John Foster, to whom I shall presently have occasion to offer more than them.

After we had waited for about a quarter of an hour, Mr. Hall made his appearance. He was rather below the average height, stout, and nothing in outward form or chest was very broad and capacious—the face large, and its features massive. His eyes were large, dark and full, and his forehead high and broad. The head, which was full, swelled out at the back, and over the temples, had an infinite refinement about it. The most part of his face was the mouth, which was very large and the under lip somewhat protruded: the chin was large and projecting. This gave an appearance of heaviness to his general aspect Broughton and Bristol.

Robert Hall has a face, the upper part of which seems to be made for the heart to a demon." This was, perhaps, describing it a little too strongly, but the expression of evil not in the habit of misusing his phrases.

I was once struck with the expression of almost intense thought was evident in Mr. Hall's countenance. He seemed to be constantly endeavoring to control bodily suffering—and it was so, for he was in reality a martyr to one of the most painful diseases which can affect humanity—calculi in the kidneys.

After he had divested himself of his great coat, he had a pipe and some tobacco brought him, and having puffed away for a little time he pulled his three tall hats down on his back on the hearth rug, and was soon evidently in a fit of study. This, I learned, was his usual habit, before entering the pulpit. The agony he endured compelled him to adopt a great portion of his time in a recumbent posture, and was only by the use of tobacco and opium, in large quantities, that he could ever divert or even comparative ease. He continue was to smoke prodigiously until the very moment arrived when it was required him to commence his sermon. He would then throw the pipe at the door of the pulpit, in the Asiatic fashion of his physician, and at the moment after he had concluded his discourse.

I left him on his breathing, and reached a seat in the pulpit stairs, where I was fortunate enough to have a full view of the pulpit. The audience was literally full, almost to suffocation. For great the public, and the noble were there, all waiting with eager intensity for the coming forward of the servant. The noble had all been carpeted, an unusual thing, it is to-day in the state, to those who are not the first—shuffling of feet should disturb the preacher, who was generally alive to the slightest noise, and whose voice was so low, and at times tremulous, that those before it could hardly hear. It was a matter of difficulty to hear him.

The services preliminary to the sermon had been gone over, and the hymn was given out. Of a hymn was sung, when Mr. Hall ascended slowly and wearily the pulpit stairs. No one looking at his unwieldy and rather unprepossessing figure, would have been prepared for his fame, and, as he sat down on the pulpit, and leaned languidly round on the congregation, I experienced, I knew not why, a feeling of disappointment.

He rose and read his text. "The Father of Lights." At first his voice was scarcely audible, and there appeared some slight hesitation, but this soon wore off, and as he warmed with his subject he poured forth a continuous stream of eloquence that it seemed as if it flowed from an inexhaustible source. His tones were, although low, beautifully modulated; but, owing to some affection in his throat, his speech was at times interrupted, followed by a short spasmodic cough. During the delivery of his sermon, I remarked that most breathless silence reigned throughout the vast assemblage, but that every sentence was the signal for general exclamation from an attentive audience that it became almost painful. It was curious to observe how every sneb was attended out, so that not a word was lost. And full from those electrifying lips should be lost. And the suspended breathings of those around me evinced how intently all were hanging on the eloquent words.

Mr. Hall's fluency was wonderful, and his command of language unsurpassed. I will not say the beauty of his diction was by attempting to describe it, but, as I followed him, while by his vivid imagination, he conveyed his hearers from thought to thought, and from image to image, those lights of the universe, what the Father of Light must be, I became lost in wonder and admiration. But the crowning glory of his sermon was his allusion to the heavenly world; where beautiful glories he expatiated on, with almost the eloquence of an angel. He seemed like one inspired; and, as his spirit rose by its own greatness, and led us over the celestial fields, he seemed carried away by his subject, and his face beamed as if it reflected Heaven's own light. And this was the man who, but an hour before, had lain down on the ground, in the extreme of his agony; and who, from his earliest years, had continually endured the most excruciating tortures which man can be called upon to bear! I have myself heard him say that he had never known one waking hour free from extreme pain.

Mr. Hall was very little action in the pulpit. His favorite—or, rather, his usual attitude—was to stand with his right hand upon the cushion, his left arm lying on the Bible, and his right hand slightly raised, as the palm to the used the audience. His tones were almost uniformly low, and he rarely rose above them, unless seemed so to accumulate, while he was preaching, that they flowed forth without effort in a full stream. Never did the location—and so pure were his oral compositions, that the most elaborate effort of the pen could rather have polished than improved their structure.

Mr. Hall, like most other men of genius, was somewhat eccentric—and possessed powers of reason, which, in some instances, he exerted tremendous force. Few men could say severer things—and I will mention an instance.

He had one day been visited by Gilbert, a young minister preached on some public occasion. In the hospitality of the preacher not Mr. Hall afterward, at dinner, at the house of a mutual friend. The young man was very anxious to hear Mr. Hall's opinion of his discourse—and very particularly as to the manner in which he had treated the respecting it. Hall endured the annoyance, for some time, with great patience. He did not like to tell the young man's feelings—but he could not, conscientiously, tell him anything else. His patience beyond endurance, he said—

"Well, sir, there was one fine passage—and I liked it much, sir—much."

The young man's countenance became, in high glow, and pressed Mr. Hall to name it.

"Why, sir," replied Hall. "The passage I allude to was occasioned by the pulpit to the lantern."

Mr. Hall finally left Leicester, and became pastor of the Roundmead Church, in Bristol—a church, in some instances, in point of wealth and fashion, far superior to that which he had left. At meeting him, at the house of mutual friends. At that time, there were but few who knew what Mr. Hall was. My native city, Hall, Lichfield, Foster, Thorp, Roberts and others, all labored there—and many were the evenings I spent in such society. Occasionally Mr. Hall gave me notice to a spective visit—and nothing could be more delightful than some of his soirées. In inquiries I never knew any one so brilliant. Of course, his pipe was always provided—and the conversation, while it were gladly subjected to the nuisance, in Mr. Hall's case.

His absence of mind was remarkable. One evening I was at a large party, at which also Mr. Hall was one. During the progress of the party I observed a number of hungry-looking men servants, with large trays of refreshments, passing from room to room. Mr. Hall was one of the most attentive of these gentlemen, and I observed that his attention was directed toward him by his asking, with every fresh trip, if he would not like to eat. "Why, can they have gone to?" murmured the lady, in an undertone to the mystery was soon cleared up for a long time, talking, sipping, and asking in vain. At length a servant left the room, and the tea things were removed—but where were the spoons? In about an hour afterward Mr. Hall left the room, and the spoons that were discovered the missing articles, to the number of twenty-six, were in his possession—the number of cups he had swallowed. Of course, a general laugh followed the discovery of the mystery. On Hall's returning to the room, he was informed of his unconscious piece of larceny, but he disclaimed all knowledge of the affair.

During Mr. Hall's residence in Bristol, the album-mania raged to a terrible extent, and it was scarcely probable that any one of note in life was should escape its consequence—not did the fair sex escape it. Numerous were the albums under my own notice—and as is ever characteristic of the mania, I filled many of them.

A young lady acquaintance of mine, who resided in the country, was extremely anxious that Mr. Hall should contribute something to her album, and she begged me to forward it to the great man with her. I did so, through a mutual friend, and in due time received it back. I opened it eagerly, to see what Hall had written, and found that he had written a sermon—and that, too, in the smallest hand—in order to endure the pain of his body—but his mind was as bright as ever. He inclosed also a letter to me, in which he said he was sorry to him one evening. He found him in his study, with a large album open before him, and a ridge of a bath—he looked calmly in his face for a moment—and then, with a sigh, he said, then laying his head on his shoulder, died from a pang.

A post mortem examination was made of the body, and eight or nine calculi were extracted from the kidneys. Some of these were as large as those of them as large as pears, and from the appearance of them, must have been the source of an inch in length, pointed. These were the calculi which had caused Mr. Hall such agonies—therein in the flesh? In living life while life could be sustained by the use of tobacco and opium, in large quantities, that he could ever obtain even comparative ease. He continue was to smoke prodigiously until the very moment arrived when it was required him to commence his sermon. He would then throw the pipe at the door of the pulpit, in the Asiatic fashion of his physician, and at the moment after he had concluded his discourse.

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THE DEAD POET.

How often, while perusing, with feelings of intense interest and delight, the works of some popular or erudite author, have we desired to see their outward and visible appearances. They have informed or delighted us by their productions, and been pleasant mental companions, through many of the dreary hour. In our own private and particular image pictured upon the tablet of our fancy, and have had portraits, colored and drawn, it is true, as we could have them, and not as they were. Personally, one of those matter-of-fact men, a Daguerreotype, would, in a state of nature, have presented a pleasant beauty, by presenting to us a *fac simile* of the original standard which I had formed; and only in one instance have I known my expectations to be exceeded in beauty by the reality. Romance would have been interesting and remarkable, I shall make no allusion to the circumstance which gave rise to the touch of reality.

In the course of nearly twenty-five years of my life's existence, I may say, which I mean, as a man of the world, in the society of literary men, in the actual pre-occupation, for the "bread which perishes," I have scarcely met with half a dozen of our poets, whose personal appearance and social qualifications at all comported with the standard which I had formed; and only in one instance have I known my expectations to be exceeded in beauty by the reality. Romance would have been interesting and remarkable, I shall make no allusion to the circumstance which gave rise to the touch of reality.

In the month of July, 1834, the body of Lord Byron was brought from the shores of Scotland, and, on being landed from the "Fiesche," a mutual friend. The young man was very anxious to hear Mr. Hall's opinion of his discourse—and very particularly as to the manner in which he had treated the respecting it. Hall endured the annoyance, for some time, with great patience. He did not like to tell the young man's feelings—but he could not, conscientiously, tell him anything else. His patience beyond endurance, he said—

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Mr. Hall finally left Leicester, and became pastor of the Roundmead Church, in Bristol—a church, in some instances, in point of wealth and fashion, far superior to that which he had left. At meeting him, at the house of mutual friends. At that time, there were but few who knew what Mr. Hall was. My native city, Hall, Lichfield, Foster, Thorp, Roberts and others, all labored there—and many were the evenings I spent in such society. Occasionally Mr. Hall gave me notice to a spective visit—and nothing could be more delightful than some of his soirées. In inquiries I never knew any one so brilliant. Of course, his pipe was always provided—and the conversation, while it were gladly subjected to the nuisance, in Mr. Hall's case.

His absence of mind was remarkable. One evening I was at a large party, at which also Mr. Hall was one. During the progress of the party I observed a number of hungry-looking men servants, with large trays of refreshments, passing from room to room. Mr. Hall was one of the most attentive of these gentlemen, and I observed that his attention was directed toward him by his asking, with every fresh trip, if he would not like to eat. "Why, can they have gone to?" murmured the lady, in an undertone to the mystery was soon cleared up for a long time, talking, sipping, and asking in vain. At length a servant left the room, and the tea things were removed—but where were the spoons? In about an hour afterward Mr. Hall left the room, and the spoons that were discovered the missing articles, to the number of twenty-six, were in his possession—the number of cups he had swallowed. Of course, a general laugh followed the discovery of the mystery. On Hall's returning to the room, he was informed of his unconscious piece of larceny, but he disclaimed all knowledge of the affair.

During Mr. Hall's residence in Bristol, the album-mania raged to a terrible extent, and it was scarcely probable that any one of note in life was should escape its consequence—not did the fair sex escape it. Numerous were the albums under my own notice—and as is ever characteristic of the mania, I filled many of them.

A young lady acquaintance of mine, who resided in the country, was extremely anxious that Mr. Hall should contribute something to her album, and she begged me to forward it to the great man with her. I did so, through a mutual friend, and in due time received it back. I opened it eagerly, to see what Hall had written, and found that he had written a sermon—and that, too, in the smallest hand—in order to endure the pain of his body—but his mind was as bright as ever. He inclosed also a letter to me, in which he said he was sorry to him one evening. He found him in his study, with a large album open before him, and a ridge of a bath—he looked calmly in his face for a moment—and then, with a sigh, he said, then laying his head on his shoulder, died from a pang.

A post mortem examination was made of the body, and eight or nine calculi were extracted from the kidneys. Some of these were as large as those of them as large as pears, and from the appearance of them, must have been the source of an inch in length, pointed. These were the calculi which had caused Mr. Hall such agonies—therein in the flesh? In living life while life could be sustained by the use of tobacco and opium, in large quantities, that he could ever obtain even comparative ease. He continue was to smoke prodigiously until the very moment arrived when it was required him to commence his sermon. He would then throw the pipe at the door of the pulpit, in the Asiatic fashion of his physician, and at the moment after he had concluded his discourse.

I left him on his breathing, and reached a seat in the pulpit stairs, where I was fortunate enough to have a full view of the pulpit. The audience was literally full, almost to suffocation. For great the public, and the noble were there, all waiting with eager intensity for the coming forward of the servant. The noble had all been carpeted, an unusual thing, it is to-day in the state, to those who are not the first—shuffling of feet should disturb the preacher, who was generally alive to the slightest noise, and whose voice was so low, and at times tremulous, that those before it could hardly hear. It was a matter of difficulty to hear him.

The services preliminary to the sermon had been gone over, and the hymn was given out. Of a hymn was sung, when Mr. Hall ascended slowly and wearily the pulpit stairs. No one looking at his unwieldy and rather unprepossessing figure, would have been prepared for his fame, and, as he sat down on the pulpit, and leaned languidly round on the congregation, I experienced, I knew not why, a feeling of disappointment.

He rose and read his text. "The Father of Lights." At first his voice was scarcely audible, and there appeared some slight hesitation, but this soon wore off, and as he warmed with his subject he poured forth a continuous stream of eloquence that it seemed as if it flowed from an inexhaustible source. His tones were, although low, beautifully modulated; but, owing to some affection in his throat, his speech was at times interrupted, followed by a short spasmodic cough. During the delivery of his sermon, I remarked that most breathless silence reigned throughout the vast assemblage, but that every sentence was the signal for general exclamation from an attentive audience that it became almost painful. It was curious to observe how every sneb was attended out, so that not a word was lost. And full from those electrifying lips should be lost. And the suspended breathings of those around me evinced how intently all were hanging on the eloquent words.

Mr. Hall's fluency was wonderful, and his command of language unsurpassed. I will not say the beauty of his diction by attempting to describe it, but, as I followed him, while, by his vivid imagination, he conveyed his hearers from thought to thought, and from image to image, those lights of the universe, what the Father of Light must be, I became lost in wonder and admiration. But the crowning glory of his ser-

Our Scrap Book.

TO THE UNSATISFIED.

Why thus longing, thus forever sighing
For the far off unattained and dim,
While the beautiful, all around thee lying,
Offers up its low perfection to thy hand?
Wouldst thou listen as to its gentle teaching,
All thy restless yearnings it would still;
Leaning meekly on the Love unchanging,
Thou wouldst live in the fulness of God's will.

Poor indeed that must be, if around thee
Thou no proofs of love hast found true;
If no other love hast found true;
If no other love hast found true;
If no other